THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

· BY WASHINGTON IRVING

1783 - 1859

Next to Rip Van Winkle "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is probably the best known of Irving's short stories. The the history of the immortal was set forth by the author as hav been found among the papers of worthy old gentleman. Mr. Diedth Knickerbocker; which old gentleman es to Irving what Jonathan Oldbuck as to Scott. In the legend the quie or of Irving overflows into every de-of the story and there also is exified his wonderful power of bring-before people far removed by race, clations, traditions and time graphic ires of the social state which existed he Hudson in the era just before wrote. So graphically does he pic-icolic life and character of the old

Il travelers up the lorldly Hudson know that spacious cove which ndents the eatsern shore of the here, according to Irving, the or sail and implore the protection Nicholas when they ventured across ove which is known to this very day is the Tappan Zee. On the shore of this lies the village of Tarry Town. it was known as Greensburgh, but genius which has touched so much ne given it by the Dutch housewives the olden times because their husbands possessed of a propensity for lin-

This is the way Washington Irving knew the place, and these are, to a great extent, its characteristics and its charm ven unto this very day: "There is a lit le valley, or rather lap of land, among luence seems to pervade the very atnosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor during an early period of the settlement; others that an old Indian chief, the

Sleepy Hollow lies adjacent to Tarry

prophet or wizard of his tribe, held powvows there before the country was dissovered by Henry Hudson. Certain it is hat the place still continues under the way of some witching power that holds reverie. They are given to all kinds of narvelous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds in local tales, haunted spots and twilight

In Irving's time the dominant spiri which haunted the place and seemed to be commander in chief of all the figure on horseback without a head. One legend had it that the apparition was the ghost of a Hessian trooper cannon ball in some nameless battle that time King George of England sent over his German mercenaries to subdue his rebellious colonies. Be that as it may, the ghostly, headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow was a well known nocturnal figure on the Tarry Town road in the early days of the last century, and seemed to be seen oftenest near the little church at Sleepy Hollow. Indeed, some said that the headless Hessian had been buried in the churchyard and that his ghos rode forth from the graveyard every night to the scene of the battle in

Now, in the remote dawn of history that is to say about the year 1798 -there lived, or, as he would say, "tarried." in Sleepy Hollow, a worthy schoolmaster named Ichabod Crane. He business in the exportation of schoolthe rising generations,

arms and legs and hands which dan- morning. gled a mile out of his sleeves. His feet He might have thus passed his whole To see him striding along the profile

Schoolhouses were not palatial in changing. In short the schoolmaster cloak of "education." Ichabod's schoolof and a large birch tree overshad-

od the building.

Ichabod, for he ever was a consciention man and ever bore in mind the precept of Solomon-"Spare the rod and spoil the child." Wiser men than Solomon had not yet inculcated the doctrine of "mora suasion" as a panacea for fractious children and corroral punishment had not been forbidden by men who sat in the seats of the mighty and scorned Solomon and all his works. Icha bod's children were not spoiled. On drowsy summer day you could hear the sound of the children's voices as they conned over the lessons stealing forth upon the languid air like the hum of a root, having read "The Legend of Hollow," would feel at home master, or, peradventure, by the appalling master, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as Ichabod urged some and the oceans and continents to tardy lotter along the flowery paths of l read with farmer Van Tassel. Legend of Sleepy Hollow," like the knowledge. However, Ichabod was not of Rip Van Winkle, illustrates the one of those cruel potentates of the oldof the English language in time school who joyed in the smart of his nds of a gentus for the production subjects. On the contrary, he administer ed justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden from the backs of the weak and laying it on the

When the school hours were over Icha bed was the companion and playfellow of outch mariners always used to the larger boys, and on holiday after noons would even convey some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters, or mothers noted for the comforts of the cupboard. It behooved the schoolmaster to stand well with the parents of his pupils, for his stipend was but small and he was a mighty eater, as such long, lank fellows frequently are. To help used its old name of Tarry Town-a out his maintenance Ichabod used to "board around," staying a week with this parent and a week with that, thus going the rounds, with all his worldly effects ing about the village tavern on market done up in a cotton handkerchief. But vs-to be perpetuated as its legal ap- Ichabod was welcome in all the homes to rellation. All the world knows that which he was assigned, for he helped about the farm work with the men folk and found favor in the eyes of the good wives by petting the children, not disdaining to spend his time in rocking the cradle for hours together.

He was the singing master of the neighborhood, too, and picked up many a shilling that way. When he stood in front of the church gallery on Sunday with band of chosen singers and led the lull to repose. A drowsy, dreamy in- psalmody in a voice that resounded far and wide, he, in his own opinion, completely overshadowed the minister. In that little church there are still lurking strange echoes which are said to be the ghosts of the music which Ichabod Crane once poured froth there in no uncertain tones. Thus by various little makeshifts the pedagogue managed to get along tolerably well and was thought, by those who had no idea of the labor of headwork, to have a remarkably easy time

> And Ichabod was an erudite man. He had read several books quite through and veracious chronicle he firmly believedbound place as Sleepy Hollow; though he well conditioned. who can swallow Cotton Mather needs no stimulus to his appetite for such sort of Ichabod's to lie on a clover bed beside the softly murmuring stream on pleasant summer afternoons after school twilight made the printed page inde cipherable.

Then as he wended homeward to the

farmhouse where he happened to be lodged, by swamp and stream and awful woodlands, every sound of nature fluttered his excited imagination. The mournful cry of the whip-poor-will, the boding cry of the treetoad, the dreary hooting of an owl or the sudden rustling in the thicker through him little runlets of superstitious fear not wholly enjoyable. Iff the noises of the falling night became too ghostly he would life his resonant voice in some good old- sledge-hammer hymn warranted to drive the goblins away. Villagers sitting at their doors in the cool of the evening used to hear Ichabod's strenuous song floating out from the hillside or from some came from Connecticut, a state which lonely road and, softened by the distance in those early days did a prosperous his raucous voice came with no unpleas masters, and whose other evport trade the ample fireside at night, also, they used ant sound to their listening ears. Around had not yet been touched by the vile to be delightfully thrilled by the schooland wooden nutmegs. Yes, in those told as the roasting apples sputtered along days, Connecticut sent out legions of the hearth and the jug of cider stood hard pioneers to clear the western forests, by. And sometimes on those evenings and sent forth also legions of coun- they would hear, as they listened, the try schoolmasters to till the minds of Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow galloping along the road back to the scene Fate had not been kind to Ichabod. of his last battle in search for his missing In the first place Ichabod Crane is head. So the days of Ichabod Crane went not a name to conjure with and sec- on in a pleasing though haunted quietude andly his person was as ungainly as All the ghosts which his imagination his cognomen. He was tall and exceed- raised were mere phantoms of the night ingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long which fied away at the dawn of rosy

might have served for shovels and his life had his path not been crossed by a encounter a host of real flesh and the schoolmaster as an instructor in whole frame was most loosely hung being that causes more perplexity to mortogether. His head was small and flat tal man than ghosts, goblins and the at the top, with huge ears, large, green, whole race of witches put together-and classy eyes and a long snipe nose, so that was a woman! Katrina Van Tassel. the only child of a substantial farmer, was perched upon the top of his spindly one of the pupils who used to assemble neck to tell which way the wind blew, one evening in each week to receive instructions in psalmody from the gifted of some hill on a windy day with his Ichabod. She was a blooming lass of clothes bagging and fluttering about fresh 18, plump as a partridge, ripe and him one might have taken him for the melting as one of her father's own pears genius of famine descending upon the and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's earth, or a scarecrow eloped from a own peaches. And added to her charms was the fact that she was helress of one of the richest men in the neighborhood. Katrina was a bit of a coquette, as might those days, nor were their text books be perceived even in her dress, which was many in numbers and constantly a mixture of ancient and modern costumes such as was best suited to set off was abroad in the land, but school her charms. She wore ornaments of pure boards had not yet learned how easy yellow gold, which her great-great-grandall graft becomes when covered by the mother had brought over from Saardam, and the tempting stomacher of the older house was a low building of one story time. Withal, she wore a provokingly and contained one large room. It was short petticoat just on purpose to disbuilt of logs and the windows were play the prettiest foot and ankle in the at midnight, yelling like a band of and furbishing his best, and in fact fashion of the times. Brom Bones was standing there a horseman of huge propartly glazed and partly covered with country round. Wise and learned as he the leaves of old copy books. It stood was, Ichabod was a fool when it came to in a rather lonely situation, just at the sex, and therefore it is scarcely to be foot of a woody hill. A brook ran close wondered at that he should have been especially smitten with the charms of the



He Heard the Black Steed of the Ghost Panting and Blowing Close to Him.

Tossel the father of the siren.

situated on the banks of the river in And this rantipole hero had set his shade over the roof and at the foot of ful adventurers who sought the strongwas complete master of "The History of the tree a spring of the purest and hold of the damsel's heart. When the ly. But the other eye had the gleam New England Witchcraft," by that plous softest water bubbled up in a well other youths saw the horse of Brom of the devil in it. He must have been home. He only lingered behind the rest in the road marks of horses' feet, eviand reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, in which made of a barrel sunk in the earth, Bones hitched to the fence in front of a steed of mettle in his day, for his for a moment to have a few words with dently going at a furious pace, Just and then stole sparkling away through Farmer Van Tassel's house they wisely name was Gunpowder. Ichabod rode Katrina, convinced that he was on the beyond the bridge they found the hat every word of it. His appetite for the the grass to a neighboring brook that rode on. The signal that Brom Bones with short stirrups, which brought his high road to success. What the coquette of the schoolmaster and a shatte arvelous and his powers of digesting it, ran below aiders and dwarf willows was sparking was enough to keep his knees nearly up to the pommel of the said to him nobody knows even unto this pumpkin. They searched the brook naturally great, were increased by his to empty into the river beyond. With- rivals away. residence in such a haunted and spell- in everything was snug, happy and How women's hearts are wood and like grasshoppers. He carried his whip interview with rather a desolate and

> fields and orchards and saw the abund- the pedagogue of Sleepy Hollow. went so far as to calculate how these

The schoolmaster determined to win ties to encounter than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, house," was reduced to playing boorish had to make his way through gates of school by stopping up the chimney, broke fined; all of which he achieved as eas-Then the lady gave him her hand as tunity of ridiculing Ichabod in the prese a matter of course.

But poor Ichabod had to win his way blood adversaries in the shape of the psalmody. merrymaking for miles around. Some- missal. times his crew would be heard dashing turned in bed, would say: "There goes ing his locks by a bit of broken mir-"Bones." He was looked upon with a before his mistress like a true knight, could manage Brom Bones' flery steed.
mixture of awe, admiration and good he borrowed a horse of the choicric. Ample as the charms of the buxon

held the prosperity of old Baltus Van the neighbors always shook their heads and sallied forth in quest of love and and said: "I warrant Brom Bones is at adventure. The animal which Ichabod The stronghold of old Baltus was the bottom of it."

of which the old Dutch farmers were indeed, a giant in the path not only of the so fond . A great elm tree spread its schoolmaster, but of all the other youth-

Farmer Baltus piqued himself upon ters of riddle and admiration. Some the hearty abundance rather than the women seem to have to their hearts but style in which he lived. From the great one point of door of access, while others farm near the farm house the sound have a thousand. It is a great triumph of of the flails came from morning to skill to gain the former, but a greater night, and the great structure was proof of generalship to overcome the latwas dismissed and read from the good fairly bursting with the treasures of ter; for a man must battle for possession doctor's tale of marvels until the falling the farm. Fleets of ducks and squad- at every door and window. He who wins rons of geese floated upon the surface a common female heart is entitled to reof a neighboring pond, while regiments nown, but he who makes conquest of the of turkeys and small armies of hens heart of a coquette and keeps his sway and guinea fowl meandered about the is, indeed, a hero. Now, let those explain barnyard. Then there were fat pork- it who can, but it is a fact that from ers and everything else that can be the time Ichabod Crane began to pay his imagined to make the mouth of Icha- addresses to the plump Katrina the inbod Crane water as he thought of the fluence of Brom Bones visibly decreased. possibilities of winter fare which they His horse was no longer seen tied to the set forth by their presence. As he fence on Sunday nights, and a deadly cast his eyes over the meadows and feud gradually grew up between him and

> Brom, of course, would have liked to fight the matter out after the manner of the knights of old-that is, in single comfair possessions might be turned into scious of the superior strength of his rival cash and invested in immense tracts of to give him an opportunity of picking land and shingle palaces in the western a quarrel. There was something particularly exasperating in this obstinately pacific system of Ichabod's, and Brom the prize, but in this undertaking he Bones, although he had boasted that he found that he had more real difficul- would "double the schoolmaster up and lay him on a shelf in his own school who seldom had anything except flery practical jokes upon him. Bones and his dragons, glants, sorcerers and such like gang harried his hitherto peaceful doeasy adversaries to encounter and only mains. They smoked out his singing brass and walls of adamant to the into the school house at night and turned began to think that all the witches in the country held nocturnal meetings there. the very center of a Christmas pie. Worse than all, Bones took every opporence of the fair Katrina, and had a scoundrel dog which he taught to whine to the heart of a coquette through a in a most ludicrous manner, and introlabyrinth of whims and caprices and to duced to the heiress as a substitute for

> lusty farm lads of the neighborhood. Matters went on in this manner for Katrina's admirers, who beset every some time without producing any percepportal to her heart and, keeping a tible difference in the relations of the jealous and watchful eye upon each three parties; Ichabod, Brom and Kaother, were ready to fly out in com- trina. The schoolmaster clearly had the mon cause against any new aspirant, best of the situation as it stood. One Among these was a veritable giant to day, as Ichabod sat majestically on his be overcome, one Abraham or "Brom" stool of authority in the little school-Van Brunt, a great, hulking, royster- house, a messenger rode up and aning, broad-shouldered, double-jointed nounced to him that there was to be a fellow with curly black hair, blue but "quilting frolic" that evening at Mynheer not unpleasing countenance, overbear- Van Tassel's and his presence was deing and ready to fight at the drop of sired. At once all was bustle in the the hat, but good natured and waggish drowsy schoolroom. The schoolmaster, by withal, who was a sort of leader among the help of the birch, accelerated the the young men of the region as were children on the road to knowledge with inclined to frolic or adventure. He such energy that school was dismissed had two or three boon companions an hour earlier than usual and the young with whom he used to scour the coun- imps burst forth yelping and racketing try, attending every scene of feud, or about the green in joy at their early dis-

> > The galant Ichabod spent at least an

A Marian

he had visited the paternal roof and be- rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity to be domiciled, one Hans Van Ripper, bestrode was a broken down plough one of those green and sheltered nooks eyes upon Katrina Van Tassel! He was, cept his viciousness. He was gaunt in the state of Connecticut. had losts its pupil and glared spectralwon is a mystery to old bachelors-mat- perpendicularly in his hand, like a chop-fallen air, probably he had not admotion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. The skirts of his black coat fluttered back almost to the horse's tail and on his head the learned man wore a small woolen cap, which seemed to rest upon the top of his nose.

> It was a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene and nature wore that rich and golden ilvery which we abundance, when the apparition described went shambling on its way through the fertile and smiling country toward the castle of Mynheer Van Tassel. An early frost had painted many of the trees with those bright colors of orange, purple and scarlet which make the woods of the dving year so beautiful, while high in the air files of wild ducks went winging their southward way and the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of clustering beech and hickture seemed to be in keeping with the tender emotions and anticipations of

bod. As the schoolmaster wended his wa along the side of a range of hills which commanded one of the finest views of the Hudson the sun wheeled its golden disc down into the west and the broad waters of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glossy, with here a small brook crossed the road under a and there a loitering sail upon its glassy surfaces as some sloop dropped was shadowed by trees so that the pasdown with the tide toward the distant city of Manhattan. The loneliness of the twilight scene did not fail to awaken in the breast of the schoolmaster some apprehension of witches and other hobgobblins who, as is well known, are so fond of disporting themselves in the gloaming as well as in the "witching hours" later in the night. The shades of evening were closing down when Ichabod alighted at the gate of Farmer Van Tassel without having encountered witch or warlock, and, indeed, it would have been a brave nobgoblin that would not have fled before the sight of Ichabod perched upon his bony steed flapping and joggling across the landscape.

The worthy schoolmaster found the house filled with the pride and flower of the adjacent countryside. The leatherfaced farmers, with their homespun coats in the gloom like some giant creature and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes withered little dames in close-crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats and scissors, pincushion and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. And also, and more and most imons were there in square-skirted coats. along the road past the farm house extra half hour at his toilet, brushing their hair done in queues, after the Cossacks, and the farmers, as they only, suit of rusty black and arrang- there, of course, and had come riding up portions mounted on a coal black steed.

with its heaped up platters of various steed with the idea of leaving his strange sorts of cakes, known only to the ex- companion behind, but the stranger quickperienced Dutch housewife. Then there eneg his horse to an equal pace, Ichabod were pies and pumpkin, peach and apple, pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking shad and roasted chicken; bowls of milk same. The schoolmaster attempted to reand cream and the teapot sending up its sume his singing, but his parched tongue incense of steam. It would take a vol- clove to the roof of his mouth. cacles which met the ravenous eves of brought the figure of his fellow traveler Ichabod as he entered the house and set into the light. Ichabod was horror-struck. fallen in pleasant places!

round and jolly as a harvest moon, and showering kicks upon the sides of Gunnow the sound of music from the com- powder, away he went, the old horse mon room, or hall, summoned to the starting off with the speed of his hot and dance. Ichabod prided himself upon his fiery youth. After Ichabod came the dancing as much as upon his musical Headless Horseman at full gallop. Away ability, and not St. Vitus himself could they went, pursuer and pursued, stones have gyrated with more jerks and jumps flying and sparks flashing at every bound, and writhings than did the schoolmaster, Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttering in the Katrina, the lady of his heart, was Icha- eagerness of his flight. They reached the bod's partner in the dance, and Brom road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow, Bones, sadly smitten by jealousy, sat but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed of brooding by himself in a corner. When a demon, made an opposite turn and the dance was ended Ichabod stolled over plunged down the bill to the left along good old times and telling long-winded church with its graveyard standing on stories about the late war-that war the green knoll beyond. waged by King George.

Just enough time had elapsed since the struggle to enable the narrators to dress bod, and he felt his saddle slipping. He up their tales in comfortable and attrac- had just time to save himself by grasping ive garb, and as the country where they now sat in peace and abundance had been off, and he heard it trampled under foot most of the time between the lines and by his ghostly pursuer. An opening in harried by both sides, there was enough the trees cheered Ichabod with the for them to talk about drawn from funds thought that the church bridge was at of more or less accurate personal remem- hand. Then he saw the whitewashed brance. Of course, the legend of the walls of the church dimly showing under Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow the trees beyond. He recollected that this came up for discussion, and, embellished was the place where the Headless Hesas it was with authentic accounts of his sian usually disappeared. "If I can but having been encountered by well-known reach that bridge," he thought, "I am people only now a short time dead, the safe." He heard the black steed of the story was received with as much faith ghost panting and blowing close to him as if it had been written in the ordi- and could fancy that he felt its hot nances of the Selectmen. Brom Bones, breath! Another convulsive kick and old who had strolled over also and was lis- Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge. He tening to the story of the Headless thundered over the resounding planks; he Horseman, declared that he had met him gained the further shore. Ichabod cast a himself; in fact, had raced with him for look behind him to see if his pursuer a bowl of punch and won. But he did would vanish according to rule in a flash not get the punch, for when the Headless of fire and brimstone. He saw the gob-Hessian saw that Daredevil was outstrip- lin rise in his stirrups and in the very ping his own steed he bolted at the act of hurling his head at him. He enchurch bridge and vanished in a flame deavored to dodge the horriblic missile, of fire. Ichadbod, on his part, told of but too late. It encountered his cranium many of the marvels set forth by his with a terrific crash; he tumbled headfavorite author, Cotton Mather, and re- long in the dust, and old Gunpowder, the lated several startling and ghostly ad- black steed and the Headless Horseman ventures which had happened to himself passed like a whiriwind.

When the revels finally broke up and the farmers took to their waiting teams over his head peacefully cropping the Ichabod mounted his horse, prepared to prass in his master's yard. They found see visions and dream dreams all the way the saddle trampled in the dirt and saw saddle and his sharp elbows stuck out day. But as he issued forth from the vanced as far toward the capture of the fortress as he had imagined. It was at the very witching hour of night that Ichabod pursued his way toward the house of Han Van Ripper along the side of those great hills which here rise above the Hudson. In the dead hush of midnight he coudl hear the bark of a watchdog coming faintly from the further side of the river, and now and then some cock, accidentally awakened, or troubled in his conscience, would emit a longdrawn, ghostly sort of crow from some farm concealed in the night and the woods. It was not a cheerful time nor a cheer

ghosts and goblins which he had heard

that afternoon came rushing back upon him and affected his nerves. He had never he was now approaching the very place vanished courage Ichabod began whistle. He thought his whistle was an swered, and stopped short in terror. A great tree, guarded and knotted and away by the Headless Hessian and in lightning riven, stood before him. He heard what he thought was a groan and his teeth chattered in his fear. But the sound was only that of two limbs rubbed together by the wind of night. He started up his steed and passed the tree in safety, but new terrors lay before him About two hundred yards beyond the tree little bridge. On either side the bridge sage was wrapped in the deepest gloom. Calling up all his resolution, Ichabo and attempted to dash briskly across the pass of fear. But old Gunpowder shied to one side and ran into the fence. When with whip and heel, Ichabod tried to urge him toward the bridge the perverse animal bolted to the other side of the road and plunged into a thicket of brambles and alders. When the frightened schoolmaster had finally got the horse headed for the middle of the bridge Gun powder stopped short with such a suddenness as almsot threw Ichabod over

"W-h-oo are you?" Though he repeated his demand there was no answer. Shutting his eyes and cudgeling the sides of Gunpowder, Ichabod broke forth It is the natural instinct rising in portant, the buxom lasses, plump and into a psalm tune. The object of his pleasant to look upon! And the stalwart terror put itself in motion and with scramble and bound was in the middle of the road. Ichabod opened his eyes to see to the gate upon his favorite steed Dare- It was dark, but Ichabod could see the mired by a man she has met under Brom Bones and his gangs" His great ror that hung in the schoolhouse. Then, devil, a creature, like himself, full of outlines of the terrifying figure. It made proper circumstances. The female bird frame had given him the name of that he might make his appearance life and mischief. No one but himself no offer of molestation or of sociableness, preens its feathers to attract the male. but kept aloof on one side of old Gun mixture of awe, admiration and good he borrowed a horse of the choleric Ample as the charms of the buxom powder, who had now got over his fright mals feel a desire to display themselves will and when any madeap prank or old Dutchman with whom he happened lasses were those of the well-filled table, and waywardness. Ichabod quickened his at an advantage to the opposite sex.

marsh at one side of the bridge, and in

the dark shadow Ichabod beheld some

thing huge, misshapen, black and tower

ing. It stirred not, but seemed gathered

ready to spring. The hair of the affright

ed pedagogue stood on end with terror.

In stammering accents he demanded

besides hams and smoked beef, brolled to lag behind. The stranger did the

ume just to mention the substantial deli- On mounting a rising ground which to work to fill that insatiable and unfil- The strange horseman had no head! To able maw of his. Verily his lines had add to the horror, what would have been the horseman's head was carried before The face of old Baltus Van Tassel, as him on the pommel of his saddle! Ichane moved about among his guests, was as bod's terror rose to desperation, and when he entered the lists of Terpsichore. air as he bent over his horse's neck in the where a knot of grave men were dis- the shaded road, now black in the night, cussing, at one end of the piazza, the which leads to the brook and the old

> Just as they got half way through the hollow saddle girths broke under Icha-Gunpowder's neck when the saddle slipped

Next morning Gunpowder was found without his saddle and with his bridle but the body of the schoolmaster was not found. His disappearance was, of course, a sensation for some time, but as he was a bachelor and in nobody's debt they soon ceased troubling their heads about him and settled down to the conviction that he had been carried Hollow.

It is true that a farmer who went down to New York some years after came back with the absurd story that ichabod was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through terror of the goblins and Hans Var Ripper, whose Sunday saddle he had brought to grief; and partly because of having been rejected by Katrina Van Tassel. Also, the farmer said, Ichabod had taught school, studied law, been ful place for Ichabod. All the stories of admitted to the bar and was now a Justice of Ten Pound Court. Brown Bones, too, who conducted the fair Katrina to the altar soon after the disappearance of Ichabod, was observed to look mighty knowing when the story of the schoolmaster's mad midnight ride was told and to always laugh at the mention of the pumpkin. But the best judges in the matter maintain to this day that Ichabod Crane was carried view of this plain and unvarnished tale it? Why, if any there be who doubt, let them take a trip up the Hudson to the land made famous by this ghostly occurrence where, if they are lucky, they may hear of a drowsy summer evening the voice of the unfortunate pedagogue, chanting at a distance a melancholy

Next week's one-page classic will be The Nibedungenlied."

"I most certainly think that flirting to natural and proper for young girla. said Dr. J. F. Edwards, major sup-P., superintendent of the bureau of infectious diseases, recently. Dr. Edwards was discussing the theory of Prof. Joseph V. Breitwisser, a psychological expert of Columbia univerwhose opinion he unqualifiedly coincides.

As an expert himself on infection and contagion, and as a gallant soldier, Dr. Edwards should be an authority and court of last resort on the propriety of firting, an early symptom in some cases of lovestckness.

"Do you think firting is a safety valve for young girls?" Dr. Edwards was asked. "Yes," undoubtedly," he replied. "It is only natural for a young she sees a man, who does not adjust her stray locks and sees that her has is on straight, and that she is look. ing her best, is certainly abnormal Any ordinary girl is pleased to be ad-The same instinct is in us. All animals feel a desire to display themselves